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Snakes, why'd it have to be Snakes?! (Super Smash Bros yaoi fanfic)

by AnnaDestiny

Summary

Ike convinces a few smashers to go on an adventure with him, and so the group heads off into the unknown, not even knowing what dangers, perverts, random temples, and other stuff await them. WARNING!! This has yaoi or boy x boy. Don't like? Don't read. It's that simple homies, that simple.

This will have multiple chapters, each chapter including a adventure. It will probably last quite awhile XD.

The Adventure Begins!! :D

"Guys, I have a grave announcement too make." Ike said solemnly. The current smashers occupying the room with him faced him. "What, someone die?" Dark Pit quipped. Ike gave him a look before continuing his speech. "I'm bored as hell!" Ike yelled in pure rage. They all groaned. "So, why don't you do something?" Robin sighed, irritation forming on his normally smiling face. "Damn. Do you not know what bored means?" Ike asked, with not a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "It means you have nothing to do, basically." Robin replied. Ike nodded in approval, and that's when that I-Have-A-Idea face of his grew onto his face. "What about we go on an adventure?" Ike suggested. Shulk looked pretty interested. He raised his hand as if asking if he could speak. Pittoo snickered, "It's not kindergarten, you don't have to raise your freaking hand." Shulk frowned. "I can raise my hand if I want too." Dark Pit shook his head, "It's so childish." Shulk looked even angrier. Marth decided to brake up the 'argument'. "What were you going to say, Shulk?" He questioned. Shulk sighed, then swallowed. "I ask going to say what kind of adventure," his face began showing rage once more, "before this little...thing interrupted me!" He crossed his arms and turned away from Pittoo, who was just smirking. "JUST FORGET ABOUT THE DANG DAMN HAND ALRIGHT!!" Everyone stared at Robin. He NEVER had an outburst. Robin just smiled at them, so they continued. "Well, just a typical journey. Don't really have a plan." Ike said cheerfully. "So, who wants to go?"

"Me!" Pit shouted excitedly, putting his hand up.

"..." Dark Pit said nothing but raised his hand, ignoring the triumphant smirk coming from a certain Hom.

"Of course I will." Marth said in his usual quiet, joyful voice, raising his hand as well.

"I'm not missin' out!" Shulk grinned and raised his hand.

"I don't see why not." Robin shrugged and wore his usual smile, raising his hand with the others. Ike grinned, then nodded his head. "The adventure begins!" He yelled, thrusting his arm up into the air.

Damn Puzzles! >:((Adventure #1)

Chapter Summary

The boys discover a really weird building/temple, so they decide to check it out as their first adventure. This goes haywire when they discover another adventurer by the name of 'Douche Baggins', who seems to have a thing for a certain Robin.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Well, this is where we'll have our first adventure!" Ike announced to his small group. Pit gulped, bullets of sweat streaming down his face. "Is there gonna be poison ivy?" He asked shakily. Ike looked thoughtful for a moment. "No, but it'll be the least of our worries." Pit gulped once more. "Are we gonna go in or what?" Shulk asked impatiently. Ike nodded, so the group walked inside the entrance slowly. It was old, so it might contain booby traps.

"What interesting art!" Robin exclaimed quietly, tracing his finger tips over the odd drawings on the wall. Shulk, curiosity now sparked by his boyfriend's comment, faced the wall. He scoffed, clearly not pleased or impressed with what he saw. "It looks like chicken scratch." He commented, clearly disatisfied. "Look!" Ike said, pointing to a weird looking object in the middle of a rather suspicious round room. "I don't think we should touch it!" Pit said frantically as the rest of the group proceeded to walk towards it. "We won't touch it, Pit." Marth said reassuringly, even though he himself knew Ike wanted to touch it. Pit nodded slowly and walked over to the rest, cautiously peering at the artifact. They all glanced at Robin. This is usually when he begins to explain what the thing is, but he too was starring hopelessly at it. "That my friends," a unknown cheerfull voice rang out, "is the LoliClock!" Everyone tensed at the odd (and slightly obnoxious) voice. "Oh, don't worry! I'm a good guy!" The voice said cheerfully, chuckling at the end of his sentence once more. Dark Pit scowled along with Pit. This guy reminded them all too much of Hades, which wasn't really a good thing. "Come out!" Shulk commanded, pointing his Monado at the shadows (he's knees were clacking together). "Oh fine!" The slightly annoyed stranger replied.

"There!" The stranger walked out, revealing a middle aged man with messy auburn hair & green crackling eyes. "Satisfi-" His sentence as cut short as he laid eyes on Robin. "Who is this?" Shulk's eyes were twitching violently. Ike was silently snickering, knowing exactly why the Hom was twitching. Pure, raw, jealousy. Even though Shulk & Robin were together, the Monado boy hated it when someone would try to hit on his boyfriend. Ike felt the same way about Marth, and he assumed Pittoo the same way towards Pit. "I'm Robin." The chestnut eyed boy answered politely, blissfully unaware of the attraction the man had towards him. "So," Pit began slowly, still quite obsessed with the ground. "Who are you?" All eyes turned towards the man, who just grinned (earning another eye twitch from Shulk). "Please introduce yourselves first!" He clapped his hands gleefully. "I'd be charmed to meet you." Everyone but Robin suppressed themselves to not rolling their eyes. It was pretty obviously he was especially charmed to meet Robin, though the blond seemed un-aware. "I'm Shulk." Shulk said dryly. "I'm Pit!" Pit said in his happy go

lucky voice. "Dark Pit." Pittoo said, barely audible, but loud enough for people to hear. "Ike." The mercenary hated introductions, so he grumbled his name out. "Hello, I'm Marth." Marth said smiling as usual. The man nodded his head in approval, then glanced at Robin & winked. Robin blushed slightly, and out of the corner of his eye, he noted Shulk was red as a tomato, and was shaking quite violently. "You okay, Shulk?" Robin asked his boyfriend worriedly. The auburn haired adventurer squinted at Shulk for a moment before facing Robin. "Are you two... together?" He asked almost sadly, his head drooping towards the floor. "Yeah, they are." Ike answered for the two. "Ahh. Beauty and the Beet." The man sighed. It was pretty easy to tell who he thought was who (considering Robin blushed and the hand Shulk had on the Monado was twitching). "So, what are you doing here?" Marth asked slowly, attempting to relieve the tension in the air. "Oh! I'm an adventurer, so I like... Going places." The man stopped for a moment. "But! I've forgotten to introduce myself." He bowed slightly, earning a eye roll from most of the group. "My name is Douche." He said with a bit of a fake french accent at the end, earning a chuckle from Pit (who thought accents were hilarious). "Well isn't that a fitting name." Shulk grumbled quietly. Douche stood there for a second, then smiled warmly. "So, are you boys needing any assistance?" Since they had nominated Ike as the leader, they all glanced at him. Ike gulped. Unless it was Marth's or someone that could cook's attention, Ike hated attention. Pit decided to voice his opinion, since Ike was still struggling with himself. "Uh, well, we don't know what to do..." He trailed off when Shulk sent him a withering glare, hinting he did not want this guy with them on their journey. "Well, I can hel-" Shulk cleared his throat audibly to intentionally interrupt the adventurer. "Actually, we weren't supposed to be here. We're going somewhere else!" Pit gasped at Shulk's words, but it sounded pretty happy instead of surprised. "We are?!" Pit said joyously, until Dark Pit elbowed him in the shoulder, earning a wince from the angel. Shulk was pleased to know he wasn't the only one who despised this guy. "Well," Douche thought for a moment, then continued, "I guess I'll-".

Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER!!! You can comment down below if you wanna guess if he's going to stay or leave. Honestly, I don't care either way, he's a fun character XD

The Temple Guard (Chapter 3)

Chapter Summary

> OMFG! I haven't updated this in nearly a month. Dang it, I'm fallin' behindddd. I've been super busy lately, sooooo hope you guys don't mind? ^.^ On to the story, and please excuse any grammar mistakes; I wrote most of this chapter on my phone. And be warned! The temple guardian I've added for this part of the story (and later parts possibly) is quite a pervert, sooo... XD I apologize beforehand for the shortness of this chapter, but I gtg eat. I'll probably write the next part later today if possible. If not, please hang in there!

"You kids might need a guide, so yes I'll join." Douche finished dramatically. Shulk sighed, but he couldn't let his jealousy- Wait what? What the hell was jealousy? Shulk had no idea. Yup, no clue. Ike nodded at Douche and then turned to the rest of his group, which quite frankly, looked rather mis-matched. Marth was smiling with his eyes closed, Shulk was mumbling un-speakable words (let's just say it's real similar to MotherTrucker), Robin was just standing there, Pit was jumping up and down, and Dark Pit was glaring for no particular reason. "Are we gonna leave or not?" Shulk asked impatiently, determined to end this just as quickly as it started. No way was he letting this dick biscuit molest HIS Robin! Uh uh, there was no way no how. Wait, did he just say.... molest? Damn, shit was getting real.

Later, the odd group was walking across a random field for no reason. "Why did the Smashers cross the field?" Pit started. Several groans rose up in the air, but Marth decided out of curiosity to finish the joke. "Why?" Pit giggled happily. "To get to the temple on the other side!" At the mention of temple, they all looked forward. Where they had been looking before, well, that's 'private'. "Wow, good job Pit. You discovered a Temple!" Douche praised, then rushed forward to take a closer look. Shulk sent a silent prayer that there was some sort of booby trap that would consume this guy, but when they heard his excited 'come on!', Shulk knew he'd managed to live another few minutes.

"Look at all these beautiful carvings and writings!" Douche squealed like a kid in the Apple store, running back and forth in front of the odd looking art. "Can you read them?" Robin questioned, and to Shulk's utter dismay, Douche actually could. "What do they say?" Ike was now very curious, and had to know for himself. "If the first word is die, perish, flame, pain, or death, I'm out of here." Pit said nervously. Dark Pit scoffed but he was most likely thinking the same thing. "Something similar to 'Those who enter will stay forever'." Douche said cheerfully. "Good enough for me!" Pit squealed and proceeded to run towards the exit, but was stopped but a certain dark angel's hand. "This is useless. We aren't getting anywhere." Shulk sighed, annoyed at the current situation. "Besides, this whole idea was pretty stupid anyway." Ike raised an eyebrow at Shulk's words, then snorted. "Who stuck the Monado up his ass?" Ike mumbled, earning a glare from Shulk and a slight giggle from Robin. "Hey everyone, what's this?" They all turned to face Marth, who was pointing towards a rather large wooden tiki...thing. They then faced Douche, who looked just as clueless as them. "If it has a red button, don't push it." Pit offered, trying to be helpful. Dark Pit was pretty close to bopping his lighter half on the head, when they heard odd breathing behind them. "What are you doing here?" A even odder voice spoke. It was pretty heavy with some sort of Indian accent, so they assumed it was some temple guardian. "Uh...Standing here. You?" Ike attempted. He'd learned from Link that it wasn't wisest to anger these guys...

"So, how do I avoid temple guardians again?" Ike asked once more. Link sighed, slightly irritated, but faced Ike nonetheless. "Well, it's important to not get blunt with them. I've pretty much learned that from experience." Ike gulped slightly, but let Link finish. The blond swordsman looked thoughtful for a split second, then continued. "I'd also wear a crotch guard." He stated bluntly. Ike would've blushed, but was far to confused to WHY he should wear one. Link noticed Ike's confused face. "Who knows? One of them might try to kick you in your 'sacred rupees' as Zelda calls 'them'." Ike snickered.

"This isn't your temple." The voice said again, though it wasn't exactly angry, it wasn't a 'hey let's be friends like in freakin' Barney' voice. "We know that." Robin said quite boldly, but as usual, his voice was still polite and calm. "Well then get the fuck out." Everyone gasped at the use of language. Were these things easily pissed? Yup. Could they be total assholes? Yeah. But what the hell had they done to deserve this?! It was almost funny how blunt this guard was, if they didn't imagine him wielding some sort of large pointy spear. "Why?" Marth asked innocently. They thought they could hear boiling sounds, but perhaps it was their imagination. "BECAUSE I FUCKING SAID SO!!!!!!" The guardian screeched furiously. Nope, it wasn't their imagination after all, thank God, considering if it was this actually might turn into Barney. "IF YOU DON'T GET OUT I WILL DO UNSPEAKABLE THINGS TO YOU!!!" The guardian yelled once more. Damn, this guy sure had the lungs for the job. If you needed lungs, Douche certainly could get hired. Maybe they should offer him as a sacrifice? Shulk grinned just thinking about it. Of course, considering what the guardian had just said, and the fact Shulk was grinning, made it look as if he was grinning at (or what was going to happen) what the guardian said. This disturbed everyone, mostly Robin. "What *gulp* unspeakable things...?" Pit asked shakily, quaking in his...

Well, he had sandals, but they sure look like boots, so let's say boots. They could almost feel the guardian's rage, which would've been bad, as rage probably doesn't feel good. "I WILL FUCK EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOU OUT OF YOUR BRAINLESS MINDS!!!!!" The guardian screamed once more. At this Pit full out fainted. "No one is fucking anyone." A new voice said. Robin's face lit up, so he seemed to recognize the voice, unlike everyone else.

They all turned around to see...

Another Homie Joins Us (Chapter 4)

Chapter Summary

> Well, here's chapter 4! Oh, and I just wanna thank you guys for all the hits this has! I'd never believe I'd get this many hits! <3 I'm so happy! Please enjoy this chapter and be sure to review it, I <3 reviews. I don't <3 flames however, so if you're gonna flame I'll use the flames to toast meh marshmellows and then delete it, so please don't waste your time. c: Enjoy the fiction!~Cloud

Chapter Notes

> I do not own any of the characters other than my OCs or Original Characters. Everyone else belongs to their respective owners, not me. I only own Douche and that's it. So please don't sue me!! ;-;

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Chrom!" Robin said happily. Chrom flashed a smile, which caused Shulk's eye to instinctively twitch. Robin noticed his boyfriend's odd twitch and decided to comfort him. "We've been friends for awhile, that's all." Shulk relaxed a bit, especially when he noticed Chrom didn't look a thing like Douche; in fact, he resembled Marth or Ike. "Who the hell are you, boy?" The guardian said angrily. Now that they were turned around, the guardian looked a lot different from what they expected. He had no shirt, a odd version of khaki shorts, red paint stripped on his brown skin, and this part was what scared everyone senseless. His eyes, contained no irises. HE WAS FRIGGIN PUPIL-LESS! WHO THE HELL DOESN'T HAVE PUPILS?!! "Chrom." Chrom replied simply. The guardian looked him up and down, probably assessing (There's the word ass in assess ;3) his opponent. "WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?! SOME SORT OF FUCKING PRINCE?!!" The guardian yelled once again. Shulk sighed. Was the guardian bipolar or something? Robin couldn't help but snicker at the guardian's choice of words, but Chrom simply shrugged. "I'm actually a prince, so yeah I think I'm one." He replied, ignoring the guardian's angry snarls.

10 MINUTES LATAAAAAAAAHHH

"Who knew temple guardians liked cake?" Pit said thoughtfully. "Who doesn't freaking like cake?!" Ike yelled, calming down after Marth patted him on the back. Shulk was hoping that the temple guardian hadn't possessed Ike when Chrom spoke up in a reply to Pit's question. "I didn't, I just figured he'd calm down if he ate cake." It turned out that all you really needed to leave the temple was cake. Where Chrom got cake, no one knew. Possibly from a nice temple guardian? Shulk snorted to himself. That probably didn't exist. "How come you didn't know they liked

cake?" Shulk questioned suspiciously, glaring at Douche. Douche put his hands up in mock surrender, which made Shulk want to cut them off, but he refrained from doing so. "I've never met one before." He said nervously, invoking his habit of looking back and forth. Shulk scoffed, but didn't reply.

Theresalinebreakandyoucantstopitahahahahahaha

Shit.Was.Going.Down. Douche had the fucking nerve to stare at his boyfriend's ass. AND DROOL! HE'S FUCKING DROOLING AT HIS ASS! 'I swear his damn head wouldn't be on his damn neck-!' Shulk thought furiously. He swore if that little fucker touched his boyfriend's ass, he'd lose all of his fingers, and probably his head to. He felt a pat on the back, and turned to see Marth, who was obviously trying to calm the poor boy down. Shulk was in awe of how smile-y Marth always was. He always had that damn smile on his face. He felt a tap on his shoulder, and was about to recite a speech about 'personal space', when he found out it was Robin. "Shulk, what's wrong?" Robin asked, clearly concerned. "You're not acting like yourself." Shulk gulped a bit, but decided to pursue the conversation. "Uh, how?" He asked nervously, trying to hide his utter loathing for a certain man who was apparently obsessed with Robin's ass. Robin sighed like a Mother to Kid when they're shopping for 'that thing' you need when you hit puberty, and the kid is to ashamed to follow their mother into the isle that contains 'that thing'."You seem to have violent twitching whenever Douche (Shulk's eyes twitched at the mere mention of the name) comes around. Why?" It sort of scared Shulk that Robin had started smiling. The guy acted as if he already knew and wanted Shulk to confess, but then again Robin probably didn't know about Douche's... 'liking' for him.

When Shulk didn't reply immediately, Robin sighed fondly, then walked over to Chrom and Ike, who were practicing some sort of swordfighting and sat down next to Marth to watch. Shulk considered joining them, but decided against it. I mean, come on! They had pretty normally looking swords, and he had this big ass glow-in-the-dark sword. Atleast if Robin was sitting, that annoying red head couldn't stare at his ass. Shulk was his boyfriend and you didn't see him staring at his ass all day, so what gave this idiot the right to do so? He sighed and decided to see what the Angels were doing.

"Aw come on Pittoo!"

"Damn it Pit, no! I am NOT going to!"

"But you said you liked making cake!"

"When the hell did I say that?!!"

"Come on! We need it! What if we run into more guardians?"

Shulk shuddered at the thought.

"Fuck them."

"But that's just it! That's what they wanna do!"

"Fuck?"

"Yes! And I also heard something about him making our belly buttons get pierced!"

Shulk hadn't heard that. What the hell was wrong with temple guardians?

"Pit, I could care less about belly buttons. I probably don't even have one."

"Why?!"

"Who knows? Besides, you're off topic. Not that I was listening anyway."

Shulk left the angels to their conversation and decided to sit down under a tree and look at the sky. He wasn't one of those 'sky watchers' or whatever, it was just something to look at. Atleast the sky wasn't looking at Robin's ass. Wait, actually it technically was, but a sky can't touch his ass, and Shulk couldn't touch the sky, so he left it at that. He heard grass rustling and was hoping for Douche's sake it wasn't the auburn-haired adventurer. He turned his head a little to find Chrom, who was also 'sky watching'. "Robin talks an awful lot about you." Chrom commented, not really caring what Shulk's reply was. "Yeah, he has a habit of doing that..." Shulk scratched his hair and watched a bird fly into a cloud. "I've also noticed you don't like that guy." Shulk knew what guy Chrom was talking about. Damn. Did everyone know he held a grudge? "Yeah. He... Likes Robin." Shulk sighed the last part in an attempt to cover up the venom in his voice. Chrom raised one eyebrow, and a small smile etched itself onto his face. "Aren't you two together? You told him, right?"

Shulk noticed Chrom liked to refrain from using Douche's name, which secretly pleased him. Perhaps Chrom could be his 'cronie' and they could manage to kick Douche out. "Yeah, I did, but he-" Shulk's eyes began to twitch at the thought of Douche looking at Robin's ass. "He what?" Chrom asked curiously, noting Shulk's sudden change in attitude.

"He *twitch* keeps *twitch* staring *twitch* at *twitch* Robin's *twitch* ass!" He managed to contain the last twitch. Chrom's eyeballs widened. He knew Douche was a pervert, but he had no idea he... liked Robin so much. "Well, what are you going to do?" Chrom asked curiously, and Shulk could've sworn he was smirking, but he wasn't sure. "Probably go talk to people about it." He shrugged, standing up and stretching. Chrom followed suit and the two walked back over to their makeshift camp.

"Hey Shulk, Chrom. What were you guys up to?" Robin asked cheerfully. Cheerful Robin wasn't odd, but the fact Douche was no where to be seen around him was. Shulk hoped the guy had drowned taking a bath or something. "Just relaxing." Chrom replied in an equally happy voice. Shulk managed to smile, but he was to suspicious. Was Douche gonna try and ambush Robin, and then do God knows what to him? He had to find that idiot. Marth seemed to not be busy watching Ike, so Shulk walked over to the teal-haired boy. "Hey, where did.." Shulk swallowed the rising curses in his throat, "Douche go?" Marth looked a bit surprised that Shulk seemed to care, but his usual smile replaced it in a few seconds. "Oh, I think he said he was going to look for temples or something other." Marth's smile grew to a tiny grin when he noticed Shulk's eye twitching. "Of course, he didn't say where he was going." Leaving Marth to his 'Ike sitting', Shulk walked over to a nearby tree and shook it rather violently. A human didn't fall out, so Shulk's interest in the tree was soon lost. He still felt as if Douche was going to ambush his boyfriend, but he decided to attempt to relax abd and sit with Robin, who was currently watching Dark Pit and Pit make cake. It was pretty boring, but there was nothing else to do. But he swore if he saw Douche so much as lay a fucking finger on Robin... Well, let's just say even the Monado didn't like what it saw.

Chapter End Notes

> If you want to request a fanfiction or have an idea for the next chapter, send me an email! My email is swagaliciousmuffin@yahoo.com. I'll accept most requests, but I'm best at writing yaoi and stuff so I can't say I'll do everything. I update as fast as I can, so possibly once a week at longest, or same day at shortest. Oh, and a bit of a note for Chapter 4:
> I'm not trying to insult bipolar people. I have a friend who is bi and frankly I wuv her to pieces, so please don't feel offended. I actually am bipolar myself(Note my change between humor and then torture fics), so why the heck would I insult something I am?

Don't Trade My Soul! (Chapter 5)

Chapter Summary

Okay, so... First of all, I haven't updated because I was out of town and literally just got back. So please don't be angry ;-; I wrote this chapter on my iPhone, so excuse any grammar mistakes. Also, this is Part 1 of Chapter 5 as I wrote this in the car on the way back home, soooooo I'll probably write part 2 tomorrow.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing. ;-; do you have to rub it in?

"A town! People!" Pit said excitedly as they approached city lights and sounds. Dark Pit did his usual scoff. "Considering the people in this world, I doubt you'd want to see them." If you'd been staring hard enough, you would've noticed Shulk glaring at Douche when Pittoo said this. Then, out of no where, Ike began running ahead of them, running faster than a chicken with his head cut off. They all looked at Marth for explanation. I mean, he is the guy's boyfriend. Marth smiled, "Food.". After that, everything seemed so clear. Well, metaphorically speaking. There was fog in reality.

"So you're saying, in order to stay the night here, we have to win at this card game?" Ike asked, the men sitting at the table nodding in response. "But there's a catch!" One of the men added quickly, beginning to sweat when he got glares from Ike and Shulk (who's glare looked awkward considering he was half glaring and half watching Robin). "And it is?" Ike growled impatiently. He'd never been one for patience. The men gestured towards assorted articles of Lord-Knows-What on the table, "You have to bet something. It doesn't have to be money." He explained. The group noticed when he said that there was some sort of demonic smirk on his face, but they tried to act liked they didn't notice. Ike cleared his throat and faced his group, who pretty much glared at him (other than Marth and Pit. Robin was sleeping, so he didn't really count). "Alright, who want's to give their soul?" He crossed his arms and closed his eyes, waiting for their responses. Their faces said all, and since I'm so nice, here are their faces:

Pit's looked shocked.

Robin's looked sleep.

Marth looked hurt (what type of boyfriend gives away your soul?!).

Shulk's face was equivalent to AW HELL NAW BITCH.

Chrom shrugged (though he was still glaring, so you could take a hint).

Douche shook his head vigorously.

Dark Pit looked murderous, which wasn't a good thing.

"How about Pit's?" Shulk suggested. Pit and Shulk's faces switched expressions. "WHY MY SOUL?!!" Pit yelled, crossing his arms and pouting. "Who wouldn't want a happy go lucky soul?" Dark Pit said dryly, ignoring the dangerous look he received from Pit. Pit couldn't be dangerous if you strapped a bunch of CAUTION tape all over him, and put a traffic cone on his head. "Better yet!" They all faced Shulk eagerly, "Douche's soul!" Douche looked paled. Shulk looked pleased. Ike didn't really like Douche either, so he was beginning to considering this when Chrom spoke up. "Who'd even want his soul?" He sighed. "No one." Shulk muttered, displeased with this whole thing. Douche looked sort of mad, probably because they were trying to sell his soul. "What about..." Douche's gaze found Robin's shut eyelids. Shulk's 'AW HELL NO BITCH' face re-appeared. "Well, tell you what." They all faced the speaking man, "We'll let you stay for one night and then tomorrow even if you're leaving, you have to bargain something." Ike nodded his head, and turned towards his group, which looked ready to kill each other.

"This bed sucks!" Shulk complained as he flopped onto the inn's white bed. "Not when you're doing sucking on it." Douche muttered as he sat in the corner studying some random stuff in the corner. When Shulk heard this, he stood up, picked up the sleeping Robin, and laid him on the bed. After a bunch of glaring contests between Shulk and Douche, they heard a loud cry. Douche made no move to get up. Shulk stood his ground as well, trying to ignore the continuous cries and failing. Finally, Shulk gathered up his pride and headed for the door, glaring at Douche. "Don't worry, I won't touch him." Shulk didn't believe these words for a moment. "Fuck you." Douche seemed amused by this comment, especially when he saw Shulk getting angrier. "Only if it's Robin." He said and gave Shulk one last grin before continuing to study. Shulk was confused at first. His-now signature-'AW HELL NAW BITCH' appeared. "That fucking asshole!" He screamed, the ran towards the sound of the other person screaming. Maybe they had their own Douche. Hopefully not; the world didn't need another Douche, that was an understatement.

He swung open the door to find-

Aw Hell Naw Bitch! (Chapter 5 Part 2 out of 2)

Chapter Summary

Oh shit! D: I haven't updated in awhileeeee. Alright so I've done my best to make this sound as sweet as possible.... But I might not be able to update frequently anymore. I know it's a major disappointment but my mom is taking me to the Dentist soon and also is making me cut back on Laptop time. So if I do upload, there's a large chance it will be using my phone.

Sorry guys, but if you wanna blame anyone, blame my mom. >.> Anyways all drama aside here is the long-awaited (I hope) Chapter 6. Oh! And my friend recently got a fanfiction.net account, it's MarshmellowMelody, and she writes FAAAARR better than me, so check her out please. AND OMFG THIS CHAPTER IS SHORTTTT I wrote this while waiting for my Older Bro to finish his test, so it's pretty short. The next one will be long to make up for it though.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I totally own one of the most popular video games ever in creation, and also own probably the largest gaming company in the nation. Yeah no.

Oh, and I want to apologize for any mistakes that this chapter contains. Though I am uploading Ch.6 on a laptop, I wrote the vast majority of it on my phone. And sorry if this seems boring and dull, I'm trying to multitask so much I think I'm losing my creativity xD

"Pit?! Why the hell are you screaming?!!" Shulk had burst into a room only to find a rather distraught Pit and a smirking Dark Pit. These two things always seemed to happen at the same time. Smirking and distraught...ness? Was that even a word? Anyway, who the hell cares. Pit babbled out something similar to 'My soul is gonna be taken forever and I'll never get to see normal people again'. Shulk was about to point out Pit didn't live with normal people anyway, but bit his tongue. "Pit, your soul isn't going to be taken away." Shulk sighed, irritated that THIS of all things had interfered with his.... Wait, what had he been doing? OH SHIT! Robin and Douche in one room?! Shit was gonna go down and poor Robin was sleep, completely un-aware! "I'M COMING ROBIN!" He yelled and bolted out of the room, leaving two confused angels.

By this time, Robin had woken up. Not that he wished he had, as Douche as now sitting on top of him. "Get off of me." Robin said calmly, even though his heart was racing so fast it could've won the Olympics. Douche would not get off. This was starting to bother Robin immensely, but he

tried to keep his calm outer-shell. It didn't work. "Get off of me!" Robin repeated, attempting to kick Douche in the head, and succeeding, but the man didn't move. He couldn't use magic, his sword was at the other end of the room, and OH SHIT Shulk wasn't in the room. It looked like the only way out was to scream bloody murder. "SHULK! SHULK! SHU-" Unfortunately the last 'Shulk' never came out. Douche had clamped a sweaty hand over Robin's mouth. Robin glared at him, then saw his chance. He kicked Douche as hard as possible, sending the red-head flying across the room.

"SHULK!!! SHULK!!!" Robin screamed as he ran out of the room. "ROBIN!!! ROBIN!!!" Both of them met each other in the middle of the hallway, ignoring stares of fury coming from random people. "Did that fucker-?!" Robin sheepishly smiled, then probably got shoved out of the way by a furious Shulk, who was currently on a mission to kill. "What the hell..." Ike's sleepy voice murmured. Robin turned around and saw a sleepy, irritated Ike and a concerned looking Marth. "What's going on?" Marth asked worriedly. Robin was about to answer when he heard a familiar voice screaming for dear life. "Oh dear..." He muttered as he heard Shulk swearing as if there was no tomorrow, and for Douche, after Shulk was done with him there probably would not be.

Death, Destruction, and Donuts (Chapter 7)

Chapter Summary

(I have the laptop for most of the day, so score for me! Gonna be updating all my SSB fanfics)

After the incident in the hotel, the men downstairs still want 'someone's' soul. This proves to be a problem once more when no one want's to sell their soul. The smashers run away from the hotel-and surprisingly succeed- but now are hunted by the men, who believe they have a debt. They find a small town which fanboys over them all, and one guy seems to like Marth's ass, plus everyone in the town is gay as hell. Oh shit.

Chapter Notes

I don't own any of the characters other than Douche or the characters they meet in random towns, and I don't own Super Smash Bros in general. That was a freaking mouthful. But seriously! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YA?!

Oh, and I injured my thumb on my right hand, which is the hand I use the most AKA righthanded, so lots and lots of poor grammar and mistakes. Sorry! It won't heal for several months, which sucks, I know. Oh, and I'm going out of town this weekend so I might not be able to update on Saturday or Sunday, but probably some time this week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So, after all of that, you still want someone's fucking soul?!" Ike asked, clearly stunned. All of the men nodded, assuring Ike this was true. "Alright," Ike faced his group. "Which Backstreet Boy is gay?" Pit jumped in fear, "I'm not!"

"You're not a fucking Backstreet Boy."

"Can someone explain to me the fuck that is?"

"Aren't we all gay?"

"Pretty much."

"I'm not!"

"Shut the fuck up Pit, you are. We're fucking dating you liar."

"YOU'RE DATING?!"

"Hey! When you find someone who looks as good as yourself, literally, don't pass up the chance."

"Aw, thanks Pittoo."

"I was complimenting myself you dumbass."

"Why the hell are you guys dating when you don't get along?"

"It's called lover's quarreling, Chrom."

"Oh. That's fucked up."

"Can someone tell me what the original question was?"

"Something about a Backstreet Boy."

"The.Fuck.Is.That?!"

"Is that like a...whore?"

"NO!!!!!"

"Okay, good."

Ike mentally facepalmed. This was getting them nowhere, and they didn't even get the code he'd used. "Guys, it's a code!" He half whispered half growled out.

"A code?"

"Fuck it. I'm not good with those."

"We fucking need Link, he always has fucking puzzles."

"What if we use a decoder from a cereal box?"

"Real men don't eat cereal. Real men eat oatmeal."

"Really? Because, last time I checked Douche, you weren't a man."

"Buuuuuurrrrnnnnnnnnnn."

"Um, guys, shouldn't we try to figure out Ike's code?"

"Naw, it probably means he want's to fuck you Marth."

"WHAT?!!!"

"Hey, maybe that's not a bad idea Marth...."

"BE QUIET IKE!"

"How about we just screw this whole thing, and run away from the hotel?"

"But we're men! Well, most of us are. And besides! We'd look like cowards!"

"How about we pull a Chuck Norris?"

"Who the fuck is that? And what the fuck does he pull?"

"We could've made a dirty joke right there."

"And we didn't, so shut the fuck up."

"Well, it's like running away but manlier."

"I like it. Let's do it people!"

"How?"

"FUCK."

"Uhhhhh, OK...."

At this point, everyone was so confused, they all just bolted out of the door.

"So, what did everyone do today?"

"I beat the shit out of Douche."

"I played a Boy's Love game."

"The fuck is wrong with you Pit?!!"

"No seriously, it was fun!"

"What's it called?"

"DRAMAtical Murder."

"THAT SHIT IS WRONG ON SO MANY LEVELS YO!"

"Not as wrong as Boku no Pico."

"That shit was fucking horrible. It's for pedophiles."

Ike was ignoring his groups conversation and just ran ahead. "Hurry up! Do you guys wanna get caught?!"

"Maybe. Then it would be like GTA."

"Except, you're not supposed to get fucking caught."

"Oh yeah."

The fuck?! Were they talking about Grand Theft Auto? Well, it didn't really matter, because they managed to find a town before Pit got into detail about his 'fun' game.

"This looks quaint!"

"Marth, no one uses that fucking word anymore."

"Quaint is a word for fucking?"

"Stop changing up everything I fucking say Pit."

"Guys, I don't know if this makes a difference or not but the people here are rushing towards us."

"Shit.Fan...boys?"

The 'fanboys' were rushing towards them, full speed. From their point of view, they looked pretty crazy, but weren't all fans crazy? Mostly the girls though. They wrote all of that porn fanfiction.

"Hello, welcome to our town!" One of the 'fanboys' said excitedly, bouncing like a kid in a candy store. They all calmed down after a bit, but still seemed slightly hyper. "Um, hi?" The group mumbled in unison. The fanboys were to busy fanboying to notice the response. Quickly, while the fanboys were distracted, they snuck off and decided to voice their opinions on them.

"They are fucking messed up."

"One of them was starring at Marth's ass."

"WHAT?!!!!"

"WHICH.ONE.WHICH MOTHERTRUCKING ONE?!!!"

"Ike, calm the fuck down."

"I'M GONNA KILL HIM SO HARD HIS GRANDKIDS WILL DIE!!!!"

"....Wow.I don't even know what to say."

Chapter End Notes

Will Ike killed that guy? Will Pit stop talking about GTA and DMMD? Will Douche stop being a douchebag? Find out at 5!
Not. Anyways, seriously, DRAMAtical Murder is fucking fun, you should go play it if you like yaoi. Eh, warning doe, it's explicit as hell, WHICH IS WHAT MAKES IT BEAUTIFULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL. But seriously, Boku no Pico is fucked up. Don't fucking watch it. It is wrong on so many levels. Anyways, see you guys next chapteeerr!

Let's Go Ass Guard Shopping! (Chapter 8)

Chapter Summary

> The group agrees to stay in the town for a bit, but Ike keeps insisting Marth wear some sort of...Wait, what the hell is an ass guard? Whatever it is, they shall leave no stone (or in the guy who keeps stalking Marth's case, Marth's tunic) unturned!
>
> (I don't have much time to write this so bare with me if it's short. Shoutouts to both YaoiForver and Pikorii for being the most amazing reviwers on this earth. And thank you YaoiForever for sharing this with your friends at school! *Waves at her friends, Jamie and Lauren*)

Chapter Notes

> Go ahead and try to sue me. I'm not the legal age :3
> Disclaimer: IF I FUCKING OWNED IT I WOULDN'T BE WRITING A FUCKING FANFIC ABOUT IT, SO SCREW IT, I AIN'T WRITING A DISCLAIMER NO MORE! (Not. I must. *cries deeply LIKE A BOSS*) P.S., This chapter is dedicated to YaoiForever, so it focuses on Ike/Marth, one of the cutest (if not THE cutest) yaoi couple ever.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Marth, I've finished thinking!" Marth poked his head out of the bathroom. "Okay, um, so what do I do?" Ike rolled his eyes in exasperation, throwing his hands into the air. "Don't you know how much it hurts me to know someone else is looking at your ass?!" Marth pondered this for a moment, then shrugged and smiled. "No, but I'm sorry it hurts you." Marth wondered why Ike facepalmed.

"Marth, someone's looking at your ass."

"I know...Wait, what?!"

"And only I can do that."

"Ike..You look at my butt?"

"It's a great one. Or should I say two?"

Marth didn't notice Ike wiggling his eyebrows (which was probably a good thing as he looked quite dumb), but he did notice someone slapping his ass.

"Ike!"

"What?! It's so freakin' slapable!"

"That is not a word, Ike."

"Screw words, it's a free country."

"But grammar-!"

"Grammar can go to pot for all I care."

The prince rolled his eyes. Ike hated anything related to grammar, proper spelling, or books. The only time Marth could remember that he picked up a book was some book on how to murder...Wait. What?

"Hey Ike, someone's knocking at the door."

"THAT'S THE GUY THAT MOTHER*BEEP*ING LOOKED AT YOUR ASS! AND WHO THE FUCK BLEEPED ME?!"

I innocently disappear with my fog horn to continue writing story

"Ike, no need to be rude."

"IT'S NOT BEING RUDE! IT'S BEING CIVIL!"

Hearing Ike of all people say 'civil' causes Marth to burst out laughing. Ike scowls sideways at him, confused as to why this is funny. "C'mon Marth, we're going shopping." Ike scooped Marth up,-bridal style, may I add- and jumped out of the window. It would've been far more romantic had he not landed in a dumpster of cats.

"Ike, how about this?" Marth held up something similar to what he was wearing at the current moment. Ike shuddered in distaste. "Nope. We need something that will cover...y'know." Marth blushed but nodded his head, continuing to search through the various articles of clothing. Ike busied himself with removing cat hair from his person and making sure some guy wasn't looking at Marth's rather attracting bottom.

"This?" Marth shyly held up something similar to Ike's clothing. The mercenary was quite tempted to buy it for himself, but only girls (and Marth) bought new clothes. Real men wore stuff over and over again. "Eh, it's OK..." Ike said, pretending to look the outfit up and down (though he was more focused on the face behind it). "How about we have a lunch break?" Marth suggested cheerfully. Ike shrugged and decided to comply. At least they would be sitting down so someone couldn't look at...Well, y'know.

"Mm, the food here is delicious, right Ike?" Marth nudged his boyfriend with his elbow, trying to get a response, but said mercenary was to focused on making sure no one thought Marth's ass was delicious. At the very thought of that, he snarled. Marth looked surprised. "You don't like the food?" He asked with a confused stare. Ike bit down and chewed thoughtfully. "Yeah, I do."

"Um, Ike..."

"Yeah?"

"You just ate some of the napkin."

"Wow, the buildings here are beautiful!" Marth said in admiration as he traced lithe fingers over various marble walls. Ike snorted in the exact opposite way of admiration. Marth sighed sadly. "Ike, are you not enjoying yourself?"

"No, but someone else is."

"Ike, please forget about my butt."

"I can't! It won't leave my mind!! The image of it lingers there forever!"

"Wait what?"

"Forget what I just said."

That was when it caught his eye. No, not Marth's ass. Well, that and something else. "What a great looking sword..." Ike murmured in slight awe at the shiny reflective metal attached to an engraved hilt. "I could get it for you!" Marth offered excitedly. Ike looked at him warily. Marth would buy anything, for anyone, no matter how much or how little he knew them.

"Naw, it's fine." Ike gripped Marth's hand and was about to pull him away when he felt the hand slip from his grip entirely. Turning around, he saw Marth (who looked utterly petrified) at the center of a bunch of jeering men. The men turned around, and grinned when they saw Ike. "Aw look, it's the little prince's boyfriend." They teased. Ike snorted. He was more afraid of the yellowness of their teeth and the fact they all grinned in unison (which was quite unsettling) than the men themselves.

"Forgot the epic Mr.fucker." And with that, Ike began having a fun filled (well, for him at least) brawl with the men. Okay, so maybe they never get to do anything but get hit. So?! It was still funny. Marth simply stood there throughout the whole thing, occasionally covering his mouth with his hands or exclaiming: "Oh my goodness!", which sounded odd considering he had no British accent, but it fit him nonetheless.

"Marth. I think everyone in this whole gay-as-hell town loves you." Ike grumbled, feeling slightly defeated. "Hell, even if not everyone is gay, you're enough to turn a straight man gay." Marth wasn't sure if that was a compliment or not, but he accepted it as a compliment considering it was Ike who said it. "Don't worry Ike! I'm sure I just need to be more careful-"

Ike paused in his walking. Marth had never finished speaking, hinting something or someone had stopped him from finishing. Naturally, he turned around and discovered one of the grinning dumb asses from earlier, running off with a wailing Marth. Ike sighed. Marth got kidnapped enough at home, but was he really so attractive it happened everywhere? He unsheathed Ragnell. Yep, guess so.

Meanwhile, Marth was attempting to have a nice conversation with his captors, who did not seem to want to talk about anything but his booty. "Um, Ike's gonna be here soon." Marth informed them, shifting uncomfortably back and forth. They were still grinning. Just as he was about to suggest a game of cards when Ike, in all his bulky glory, kicked the door down.

"Ike, you don't have to do that every time..."

"Shush Marth, it adds dramatic effect."

After Ike felt enough 'dramatic effect' had been given, he began to beat up the men, which was just as funny as the last time.

All in all, it had been a fruitful day. Well, for Ike at least. Marth wouldn't stop flinching every time

someone grinned.

Chapter End Notes

I know this was short, but my thumb hurts and it needs wuv right now, so excuse me while I go doctor it up. See yo guys next chapter!

Btw, my thumb was hurting a whole bunch during this and I listened to the song 'Nothing's Gonna Stop Me Now' by Olivia Holt. It's from the movie Girl vs Monster and it's really inspiring and helpful, I recommend listening to it. I feel like I can do anything while listening to it. :3

Cinnamon Rolls and Cinnamon Roys (Chapter 9)

Chapter Summary

(Huge thanks to YaoiForever for giving me the plot for this chapter! Kudos to you honey bunch! <3)

Shulk, tired of Ike constantly pointing out the fact that Douche is hitting on Robin, invites Roy to come and join the group, knowing that Ike despises Roy with every ounce of his being. When the red headed smasher finally arrives, he realizes he has incredibly large feelings for Marth, and so, begins to pull a 'Douche' on the rather nervous teal haired smasher. Poor Roy...never saw it coming. What am I talking about? Well read the damn thing! Gosh! ._.

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR HELPING ME WITH THE PLOT, I WAS SO STUCK ;-; Anyways, I know this is 'long awaited' for some, so I'll just say the disclaimer and be on my not-so-merry way.

Disclaimer: All I own is Douche. Is that good enough for you?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shulk had popped a nerve. Metaphorically speaking, of course, because if it wasn't metaphorical, he'd be dead and then pretty much useless, and I have no need for a useless and dead Shulk. Anyways, Ike had brought up Robin and Douche for the last fucking time. At the word 'fucking', Shulk's eye mysteriously began twitching. He was going to have revenge on Ike and everyone knows your eye must twitch in order to become an evil... whatever. At least that's what 'Revenge for Dummies' said. All the blonde had to do was get Roy, the smasher whom Ike hated the guts of, to come here and the rest would play out on it's own.

"Yes, yes! The plan is underway! MWUHAHAHAHAHA!" Shulk laughed manically, then paused after knowing he did so. "Y'know, laughing manically is pretty fun." He remarked, now understanding why villains enjoyed it so much. It was kinda...energizing. He refrained from laughing once again only because Robin walked in, and the sandy haired mage despised evil laughter for some odd reason. "Shulk, what plan." Wondering why there was no question mark at the end of Robin's sentence? Well, it could just be a case of lazy authoress, but this time it was because Robin already knew what Shulk was doing. Partly, anyway.

"Um, a plan to give cake to random nice children." Shulk said, imagining the very thought and shaking his head at it. Hell no. The cake was all for him. Screw the kids. "Alright." Robin said hesitantly before exiting the room, but not before he signed 'I'm watching you' towards Shulk,

who scoffed in response. Robin was suspicious of basically everything, hell he was suspicious of a tree when it bared no fruit. Turns out it was dead, which wasn't all that surprising considering it was blackened and bugs were running out of it.

Meanwhile, Roy had just arrived, face lightening up when he saw his prince. Well, Marth wasn't his. Roy smirked devilishly. Yet. The general had had his eye on the beautiful prince since Day 1 of being in his army. Roy's face darkened so much that those nearby him fled, including a bird, who had landed on top of the red head's abundance of hair. Ike was kissing his prince. *On the fucking lips!* Well, there was only this many more places you could kiss...Roy's mind filled with very dirty thoughts. Anyway, the point was Ike was kissing his one true love and that could not be. As soon as the mercenary walked away, Roy rushed up to the 16 year old himself.

"Hey Marth!" Roy said cheerfully, inwardly pleased when the prince looked extremely happy at his arrival. "Oh my goodness! Roy, I haven't seen you in forever!" Marth picked up the general and hugged him, which took away from the whole 'Romantic greeting' type of thing, but it was good enough for Roy. "Want to do some..." Roy winked, "catching up?" What the red head did not know is that Marth is COMPLETELY oblivious to any and all types of flirting. Hell someone blew him a freaking kiss and he just blew one back. Being a prince he did get a heck of a lot of adoration, so it wasn't all surprising he thought they were just being courteous or kind.

"Sure!" Marth said happily, clasping his hands together, imagining the things they'd do. Picking flowers was probably not Roy's style, and there weren't any flowers around, so a picnic was the best idea. "How about a picnic?" Roy sweatdropped. He really was oblivious to flirting. Lucky duck. A really beautiful, lucky duck. What...the fuck was he calling Marth a duck? Oh, so now he's rhyming? "Uh, sounds great!" Roy responded, forcing a laugh.

The picnic wasn't that bad. Marth was pretty good at cooking (No wonder Ike clung to him) and it was awe inspiring to watch Marth's hair get caressed by the wind and shit, but there wasn't any kind of romance. Roy wasn't a romantic; hell no, he was far from it. But how in the name of Marth's beautiful ass was he supposed to get the prince to notice him? Well, considering Marth's ass had no name, Roy was at a loss for words. Hmm, perhaps giving him random shit would work. Marth seemed like the kind of guy who'd like that.

"Hey Marth!" Turning around, Marth saw Roy extending a palm full of flowers. He squealed in delight. "I can use these to make perfume, which I can give to my sister for her birthday! Thanks Roy!" While Marth ranted about some random woman who was apparently his sister, Roy snuck off to spy on Ike, wondering what charm the mercenary could possibly have that was better than his.

Ike worked out. Like him.

Ike smelled good (That one was important, but incredibly strange). Like him.

Ike did his hair so it would look cool. Roy didn't want to admit it, but also like him.

Ike was incredibly strong. Like him.

Ike had muscles. Roy frowned at the discovery. Yes, sure enough, the mercenary did have some

what of a six-pack. Though Roy wouldn't have admitted it in his short-14-going-on-15 years of life, that was not like him. DAMN IT. But then again, Marth was frail as heck, so why would he want some muscle-y dude? It almost made less sense than the 'Tarzan and Jane' song. That song was incredibly stupid.

Wondering whom he could get advice from, he decided to try the various others that were currently there as well. "I like a guy, but how do I flirt when he's oblivious to it?" Roy asked, waiting for Robin's response. "If he's some sort of delicate type, I'd recommend getting closer with him." Robin suggested, though Roy knew that they had different ideas in mind in terms of 'getting closer'. For someone Roy's age, he had an incredibly dirty mind.

Just as Roy was going to ask someone else, he heard a confused growl, which could only be Ike's because he was the only one capable of sounding confused while growling. "Roy. What're you doing here?" Ike asked with a surprisingly calm air. Wanting to break that air (metaphorically speaking), Roy smirked like one of the 'Steal Yo Girl' types would. "Duh, Marth." He replied, crossing his arms as if it was an incredibly obvious answer. Ike wasn't all that surprised, but he still got mad.

"Hn!" Ike sounded like he had just held back a sneeze, though it was probably some sort of insult. Ike had an extremely colorful mouth when he wanted one. "We're already dating, Roy." Ike said with just a hint (just a wittle bit) of rage in his voice. Screw that; a heck of a lot of rage was in his voice. Roy shrugged. "Right now, yes." He replied, he himself not really knowing-or caring- what he'd just said. Ike looked surprised and confused before he growled again. Damn, how *did* he do that?

All of a sudden, Ike unsheathed his sword. Not wanting to become sushi, Roy did the same. Just was they both swung their swords into the air, Marth and Robin walked by, both caring trays of cinnamon rolls. "I made them, don't they look good?" Marth shoved a pan in both of their faces so they could see and smell it, and sure enough, it smelled fucking good. "They are really good." Robin commented, licking his lips to get crumbs off of them. If you looked not-so-closely, you could see Douche flying in the background.

Apparently, he'd smacked his lips when Robin licked his, and Mr.Possessive (as Douche called him) wacked him into infinity and beyond. Well, at least that's where Shulk *hoped* Douche was. "He's probably just in the sky," Pit remarked as he starred up into the blue and white dotted abyss. "No shit Sherlock." Pittoo scoffed, watching with evil satisfaction as a bird crashed into a tree. It was quite mean, but also quite hilarious to Dark Pit, considering the 'SQUAWK' it made as it met certain demise reminded him of Palutena.

"Cinnamon roll?" Marth offered cheerfully, bouncing out of literally no where, holding out a pan of delicious scented pastries. Pit, being the sweetie he was, took one. Pittoo, needing something for later to chuck at Pit's unsuspecting head, took one. "Enjoy!" Marth said happily, running off to most likely offer everyone else one. "He sure is nice." Pit remarked again, smiling at the thought of knowing nice people.

"No shit, Pit." Pit scowled. The thought of knowing nice people disappeared in the blink of an eye. Well, at least there was always next chapter to find nice people, right?

Chapter End Notes

I know this might've been short and if it was I'm sorry, but I'm trying to write as fast as humanly possible as I have to update all of my chapter stories today, because if I don't I can't update until Monday night and I know a bunch of people have been waiting.

Don't forget to request fanfictions in the comments! I take almost any request.~Anna Destiny

What's Fanservice? (Chapter 10)

Chapter Summary

Pit hears Ike and Shulk say something about fan service, and decides to figure out what it is. A random person is awaiting him in the woods, waiting for the perfect moment to strike...And no, it's not Snoopy from Charlie Brown.

Chapter Notes

Yo, sup. *dodges rotten veggies*

Disclaimer: Me own nothing, so you no sue me. Capiche?

Enjoy. I hope... Anyways I'm sick, so sorry if this sucks, I can't think straight 030

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm pretty sure that's mostly for fanservice."

"Yeah, probably so."

Pit halted his steps. What was fanservice? What did it do? Was it something he should do? What was it for? As he pondered those questions, he didn't notice a pair of eyes watching him from a tree. These eyes would later cause extreme havoc. Oops, sorry, spoiled it. "Fan service?" Pit thought a loud, asking a random beetle crawling by. It puked and scuttled away, mumbling something about 'kids these days'. Confused, Pit kept walking till he reached the forest. "Hello? Can someone please tell me what fan service is?" He yelled, jumping when a bunch of screeching noises sounded, and he could've sworn that half of the current population of the forest fled.

Now he *really* wanted to know what it was.

"Hello? Can someone tell me-" Before he could ask again, he was meet with the undignified thing that comes from a bird's rear end. Aka, poop. "The heck?!" Pit yelled shrilly, voice resembling an old lady on her period. Well, except he wasn't an old lady and he certainly had no period. "Fan service?" A unknown voice said, and Pit turned around to see a person standing there. "Yes, actually, I wanted to know what it was." The person's eyes bulged (it wasn't the only thing that bulged *winks*) before returning back to semi-normal. "Sure. I can show you." Pit noticed he said 'show' instead of 'tell', which normally would've raised several questions, but Pit's far to happy-go-lucky so the only thing he raised was his head.

"Yay!" He exclaimed, running over to the person and standing next to them. "So, how do you do it?" Pit asked curiously. The man told him to turn around, which Pit did hesitantly- wait, no, he wasn't hesitant at all. Happy go lucky, remember? "Alright, now what?" The silence that followed was beginning to make Pit nervous. Had the man left him, all alone, in the deep and not-so-dark forest that was a whole freaking mile away from camp?! Nope. Turns out he was starring at Pit's ass. At least he was before he punched the angel in the head.

"Uh...What happened?" Pit mumbled sleepily, stretching his arms out. Oh yeah...That guy went from Barbie to GI Joe and punched him in the face. What the hell was wrong with him, anyway? At the mention of GI Joe and Barbie, Pit decided to start singing the theme songs for both. He wasn't bad with the Barbie, but the GI Joe shattered various glass items within a 50 mile radius. Just as he was about to sing Power Rangers and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, a guy (Mr.Barbie gone GI Joe) busted into the room, looking pissed as hell. In more ways than one, but Pit would give him so privacy.

"Would you shut up?!" The man shouted angrily. He face palmed when Pit began yelling Smosh's 'Shut Up!' over and over again. "Do you want to know what fan service is or not?!" Pit nodded his head with vigor. "Then shut-Never mind, just follow me." Pit got up from the bed and walked towards the man, only to realize he was holding some sort of math book. Pit, thinking fan service was math (it technically is. D+D=Smex. And now ya know kiddies!), began yelling The Office's 'NO!'. Face palming once more, the man grabbed the yelling angel's shoulders and guided him to a room.

"This, is fan service." Pit paused in singing the 'He's a Magical Pony Flying Through Sky' song and examined the walls. There was a hell of a lot of yaoi everywhere. Everywhere. Pit was more disturbed by the fact that this guy had a whole room full of it. Noticing Pit's odd expression, the guy explained that it was his sister's yaoi collection. Gosh, she sure did like graphic stuff.

Walking over to the photos, Pit picked one up. So *that's* how you draw balls in manga! He never would've guessed! Putting that down, he picked up a book that said 'Yaoi for Dummies' on the outside. On the inside, there was full blown porn and full blown jobs (heh heh). Good grief! They trusted *these* fangirls?! These people were more perverted than Douche!

"Isn't it..." The guy paused and tilted his head. "Great?" Pit spit out whatever was currently in his stomach. He liked it too? I mean yeah, Pit was gay, but this was a hell of a lot of yaoi porn. Too much. Waaaaay to much. He wondered if this was how Douche's room looked?

Meanwhile, the group was just now noticing Pit was gone, and they each had very different reactions. *Talks like Dora the Explorer* See if you can guess who's reaction was who's!

"Oh my goodness! Poor Pit!"

"..Let em burn, let em burn, it's none of my concern."

"Wow. That sucks. BALLS!" (The person who said this got slapped. Very hard.)

"I didn't even really know him."

"Okay...So what do we do about it?"

"I say we ditch him. He eats to much."

After that short little conversation-if you could even call it that- they decided they'd rescue Pit from the clutches of whatever he was in the clutches of. Well, not really, because they all agreed if it was a fire breathing dragon, they'd all book it for the nearest cave. *Record scratch* Until Marth asked, "What if there's a dragon in the cave?". Then they reconsidered. Either way they'd probably die, which pretty much sucked.

When they arrived, they decided to split up to find their 'friend'. Here is their adventures:

Ike

"Pit! The hell are you!" Ike screamed at the top of his lungs. A cow mooed in response. Ike was not amused. WAIT, THE HELL?! HOW WAS THERE A FUCKING COW IN A FUCKING UNDERGROUND BASE?!! That didn't even make fucking sense! The mention of a cow brought up the memory of Dark Pit saying, "Cows are boys, not girls." And when they'd all ask 'how?' Dark Pit replied, "They have multiple dicks and cum every time you pump them." To say the least, none of them drank milk ever again.

"Pit. Get your fucking ass out here before I stick Ragnell up it!" Maybe this was a bit harsh- Wait, nope. Remember? 'You'll get no sympathy from me.' Now it's all so clear...

Marth

"Pit! Please come out! This place is scaring me!" Marth shouted, bringing his hands to his face to direct the sound forward. A bunch of bats squeaked, sending Marth into a curled up ball and random hysterics. "IkepleasehelpmeIdonotwanttobehere!" He mumbled to himself, rocking himself back and forth. The bats starred at him in confusion. The hell was this guy's problem?

When Marth stood up again, the bats began talking in whispered hushing noises. He sure had a nice ass.

Robin

"Pit, can you please come out?" Robin asked calmly. At this new voice, the bats opened their eyes. Sweet mother of Abraham Lincoln! This one also had a nice ass! The bats contemplated taking this stranger and the teal haired one for themselves. "Pit?" The sandy haired mage called out again. The bats fainted. He, just like the other stranger, also had an angelic voice! But they'd have to save 'it' for another day. Hanging upside down is pretty tiring y'know.

Shulk

"Pit! It's Shulk! Move your ass...please." The word ass and please only went together when you were..Hehehheheheheh. Never mind. The bats, about to take a nap, heard a new voice. Turning around, the strangely dressed boy looked at them in confusion. 'What are they starring at?' Shulk thought, still confused. The bats wanted to yell, 'Your sweet ass!' but he wouldn't understand. As he turned back around, they actually saw his ass. OH LORD OF HEAVEN. It was so damn squeezable! That sounded incredible perverted, but bats are naturally perverted creatures, so it's all good.

It was completely decided. They'd take every single one of the strangers so they could admire their asses.

In the end, it was actually Dark Pit who found Pit. Turns out he was lying outside, some kinda red stuff leaking from his nose, and there was a book laying nearby. Hmm, wonder what it was. "So Pit, what were you doing?" Shulk asked innocently, though he was obviously asking just because Pit had a nose bleed from it.

"Fan service." Came the weak and ailed response. They all threw up. And since that's not a pretty sight (even to the bats, who were following them), Miss Authoress will see you next time! Oh, and she forgot to tell you. Roy didn't go because Ike made him stay. Like, he was all, "I will slice your neck off if you come." Bad Ike, bad.

Chapter End Notes

Bats=Every fan ever.

Request below, yo!~Anna Destiny

The Very Short Saga of Marth and Robin's Bunny! (Chapter 11)

Chapter Summary

Marth and Robin, while on a leisurely walk, discover a bunny. Since they're ukes, they think it's far to adorable and so they bring it back to camp. They also named it after their boyfriend's names combined: Ilk. Which is basically 'milk' without the 'm' in it. Weird, right? So, Ilk was living a happy life until...well, Roy, Ike, Shulk and Douche got hungry, and Ilk lived no more. :(

Chapter Notes

Hey people! I took a break from my marathon of Yu-Gi-Oh GX to bring you Chapter 11. Yay! *Claps herself on the back* Anyway, enjoy! Poor Ilk though. Oh, and I'm going out of town for my brother's hockey championship this weekend! Woo, go bro! KICK ASS! (I'm going so I get to watch him kick ass >:3) It's out of town though so I won't be able to update during that time most likely. This is completely un-beta'ed so excuse the grammar mistakes or spelling mistakes.

Disclaimer: I own nothing but Ilk. Or rather, I 'owned' Ilk. *sob* HE SHALL BE LOVED DEARLY BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So Marth, is Ike constantly bothering you to have sex with him?" Robin asked curiously as they walked, side by side, down a random path. No, that's how it would've been if it was some sort of stupid fairy tale. Always with the paths and shit! They were actually just walking through a field. It was wide and covered with flowers. Ike had 'lovingly' dubbed it Uke Paradise, because it was an uke's dreams. Especially Marth, who, unlike Robin, had the skill of making flower crowns. "Yes! It's very odd. I still don't know why." Marth replied, shaking his head in confusion. Marth would get all flustered if he was talking to anyone but Robin as Robin was really the only other uke that was close to his age. Pit's 13 year old self knew far more than a 13 year old should know (He he, who says? *points to herself*).

"I agree-Oh my gosh! Look!" Robin pointed towards an oak tree not far away. And yes, shut the fuck up, it has to be an oak tree, because it's always a freaking oak tree. The authoress in question used to feel sorry for the non-oak trees, but she doesn't give a shit now, so an oak tree it was. Rushing over to the oak tree, they bent down to see a rather adorable rabbit. "It's so sweet!" They exclaimed in unison, taking turns in cuddling and caressing it. The rabbit looked sweet on the outside, but oh did he grumble in his mind. The authoress has a rather big potty mouth, but the words the rabbit used were so extreme even *she* can't utter them! "Let's take it home!" Marth suggested excitedly, scratching behind the creature's ear. The rabbit liked this, and shut his brain's rather extensive mouth. Brains don't have mouths as far as the authoress knows, but she could be mistaken. The people who built The Titanic were mistaken, and as tragic as it was, it did teach people that most things aren't 100% true, so as far as we know, this rabbit's brain had a mouth.

"Good idea! But what should we name him?" Robin inquired, starring down into the rabbit's deep

brown eyes. Marth looked thoughtful before snapping his fingers. "How about Ilk? Shulk and Ike's name combined?" The sandy haired mage nodded his head rapidly in agreement, and soon, the two were making their way back to camp.

"Look everyone, a bunny!" Marth practically squealed, bouncing up and down like a girl getting her first bra. No, seriously. Girls loved buying bras. The authoress however doesn't technically 'enjoy it', she just 'does it'. You learn something every day. Anyway, everyone came running as fast as possible. Everyone but Pit and Dark Pit. Pittoo was taking care of Pit, who was still recovering from all of that 'fan service'. Poor thing. "Ike, Shulk, Roy, Douche, stop drooling." Robin commanded firmly, clutching the rabbit closer to his chest. Shulk stopped drooling once he heard the name 'Douche' mentioned. Ike stopped drooling once he heard the name 'Roy' mentioned. "BASTARD!" They yelled in unison, kicking Roy and Douche to kingdom come. Or the land of redheads-which ever worked, considering kingdom come was a little bit to far. Besides, they were all out of tickets and the land of redheads was a free ride.

"Why did you do that?" Marth shook his head as he said this, displeased with Ike's hostile acts. Robin said the same thing. But Ike and Shulk? They were wallowing in anything *but* guilt. Hell, they were happy! Both knew Roy and Douche had been drooling for completely different reasons. Little bastards, thinking they could drool at their boyfriends! "What's it's name?" Shulk inquired, jumping back when the rabbit bared actual *teeth* at him. The fuck?! What the hell was this things problem?! "Ilk." Marth and Robin responded together cheerily. Ike blinked, then held back a burst of laughter rather poorly, considering he tried and failed to hold it back altogether. Shulk tapped Ike on the shoulder and whispered something into his ear. Whatever he said, it caused the mercenary to shut the hell up.

Oh, I get it! The rabbit glared!

Yep, that's right, the rabbit glared. It narrowed it's beady little eyes and gave you a glare that starred into your very soul. It starred so hard, it probably could've hit your prostate! WOAH WOAH WOAH WOAH WOAH! The hell did the authoress just type?!! NO ONE READ THAT OVER AGAIN!!!! What? You did? Well, fuck you! Wait, you want one of the Smashers to fuck you? Sorry, they can't, they're busy planning Ilk's demise. Oops, should I have said that? Anyway, our boys Shulk and Ike don't want Ilk (the perverted bunny bastard as they call him) to touch their boyfriend's prostates, which were strictly off limits. "How shall we murder it, fellow protective seme?" Ike whispered evilly as Shulk and himself went into a 'group' huddle.

"Gruesomely, very gruesome." Shulk whispered back with equal murderous intent. Forgetting their boyfriend's presence probably wasn't a good thing, considering both had bulging eyes. What, exactly, was going to be gruesomely murdered, and why was it going to be gruesomely murdered? Shrugging, their uke sense began tingling (They'd totally kick Spiderman's zebra stripped ass. Everyone knows it's zebra and not web) and they skipped off, with Ilk, their not- so-sweet -bunny, back to the meadow where they'd found him.

Meanwhile, Roy and Douche had made their way back (turns out the Kingdom of Redhead sucked balls. Literally! And I do mean the toy. Or do I?). "Ugh, not you two." Shulk mumbled, sending a hateful glare towards Douche. He didn't care for Roy either way, but the kid resembled Douche far, far, far, and oh so far, to much. Hell, if someone had red hair, they were going to kiss the earth goodbye and say hello to the devil. And let's just say, Shulk would make sure they'd never say *goodbye* either. "That rabbit looked pretty good though." Roy remarked offhandedly, eying a picture of Marth taken a few months ago behind Ike. He began drooling.

While the red head recovered from a possible concussion, Ike and Shulk began to consider this. It

was Marth and Robin's pet, but dude! The thing was fucking *cruel!* It would probably kill babies if it could! "Let's kill it." All four of them said in unison, glaring at each other once they realized they'd done so. Stupid unison.

"Aw, do you like that flower Ilk?" Marth cooed, petting the brown rabbit's back. The rabbit half nodded and Marth and Robin giggled slightly. Little did they know that their boyfriends were only a few feet away, plotting the animal's very demise. Mwuhahahahah! Sorry, the authoress loves the word 'demise'. She's fucked up.

"What's it doing, Shulk?" Roy asked impatiently, ready to set his teeth down on both rabbit and human flesh. WOAH WOAH WOAH WOAH WOAH, HOLD UP THE BOOTY! The.Fuck.Did.The.Authoress.Just.Type. Oh, wait, I see! He wanted to leave hickeys on Marth! Oh, it's all-*Technical difficulty sound*. Hello, we're back again. The authoress got (and is) pissed at Roy because Marth and Ike are her OTP and Roy is trying to get into Marth's pants. Little sneaky bastard.

"It's purring-Wait, the fuck?!"

"Rabbits, do not *purr*, Shulk. THEY DO NOT PURR!"

"I KNOW, DAMMIT!"

"SO WHY THE FUCK IS IT PURRING?!"

"Oh sweet mother of Abraham Lincoln's beard!"

"WHAT?!"

"IT FUCKIN MEOWED!"

"They're gone! Shoot it! SHOOT IT!!!"

Well, that was certainly chaotic. Needless to say, Ilk lived not a moment more. We're going to have to end the story until next chapter, because Marth and Robin are so distraught over the supposed lose of their precious bunny (Roy said it was an antelope, but Ike and Shulk still like jackass. Y'know, instead of jackrabbit?), that they need a little bit of time to recover. Until next time, my perverted followers! Fuck someone, be good, and fuck some more!

Chapter End Notes

> Oh my gosh! Thank you all SO much for all of the views and kudos! I cannot thank you all enough! I am so surprised that you all like my story this much! It is by far my most viewed fic, and for that *blows kisses and throws chibi Marth plushies in the air* I thank you all! Love you all so much!~Anna Destiny

Request a fanfiction below!

Pittoo is a Rapper! (Chapter 12)

Chapter Summary

> Pit, needing something to put him out of his misery (stupid fanservice!) , requests Pittoo to rap for him. The dark angel only does it because he decides he's bored. Once everyone is there, Pittoo begins raping. Is he good, or does he suck bullshit?

Chapter Notes

> This will be short because I technically uploaded two in one day. I wouldn't call it a chapter; more like a short story. XD Plus, gotta update dem other fics yo!
>
> Disclaimer: Me own nothing. You sue nothing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Pittoo!" Pit screamed as loudly as he could, which, unfortunately for a nearby glass, was very loud. The glass's dying wish was for Pit to shut the fuck up, in case you care. "What." Came the half-hearted response. Pittoo was in the middle of reading some kind of fanfiction, and judging by the sounds he made, it was yaoi and lemon combined into one. "I want entertainment!" Pit yelled back, putting his hand to his ear, waiting for the response. He heard a scoff. "Ask someone else!"

"I can't believe I'm doing this."

"I'm sure you'll do great, Dark Pit!"

"I doubt it..."

"Ike, don't be so mean."

"What's he even doing?"

"Raping, Roy."

"Oh. Why?"

"I don't know, but I'm kind of excited. Are you excited, Shulk?"

"Hell no. The only thing that's excited are my legs, which are very enthusiastic when it comes to running from screeching."

"Shulk."

"Whaaaat?"

"Alright guys, you ready?"

"Yep!"

"Sort of."

"Not really, but I guess?"

"Yay!"

"Sure."

But before Pittoo could start singing, Pit fell over. Why, we don't really know. But, since he couldn't do his original song, Pittoo had to make up a new one so Pit would stand up. Anyways, here it is:

"Eh eh, I don't know why, Pit's laying on the floor, what the hell's wrong with this bitch, is he dead? I don't fuckin' know, he needs to get up, bout' to get my arrows and shoot him in the butt."

And that was that. See you next time, lovely and perverted readers!

Chapter End Notes

> Someone tell my brother to stop playing the original DBZ theme song and play the damn original Pokemon theme song! Pokemon is 100000% better than DBZ. >:3 Hatahs gonna hateee

Ilk's Revenge (Part 1/Chapter 13)

Chapter Summary

Ilk's come back from the dead, and he's gonna latch onto your head!

Chapter Notes

I am so, so blown away by the popularity this is getting! I just wanted/needed to thank you all for the lovely time you've given me writing this. Without you all, I'd never have fought to improve my skills in writing. I have Tourette's Syndrome (Google it for a better explanation!) and sometimes I twitch uncontrollably or I stutter (as well as having jumbled thoughts). Because of this, some people look down on me just because I stutter sometimes or lose the ability to think straight. But the moment I signed up for this site, I knew I'd be welcomed and loved. And I'm serious when I say that you guys are like a huge family to me. You're all so sweet, kind, and just loving, wonderful people. I can't express the thankfulness I have for you all. Once again, thank you all so much. It brings a tear to this girl's eye. ;)

Disclaimer: I don't own anything but Douche. AND THE NEWLY RESURRECTED ILK

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alright, things were getting chaotic.

Marth had run into camp screaming, 'Nowhere is safe!' while running in circles around random people. Shulk had sweetly suggested they kick Marth to make him stop, which resulted in him eating a knuckle sandwich from a certain mercenary. Speaking of sandwiches, peanut butter and honey is the best combination ever! Screw jelly! Oops, sorry, the authoress got out of hand.

Anyway, the point was, something was terrifying Marth, and considering it was the prince, a little bug could send him packing.

"Marth, what's wrong?" asked Pit as he plopped down nearby the prince, who had recently dropped to the ground to take a break.

"He's...alive!" Marth whispered dramatically, though that wasn't his intention whatsoever.

"Who?" Robin asked with curiousness, eying the path behind Marth out of the corner of his eye.

"Ilk!" The prince exclaimed breathlessly.

This shut everyone up.

"ILK?!!"

"THAT TWO BRAINED WOMBAT LIVES?!"

No one knew what a two-brained wombat was, but whatever it was, it was Ilk and therefore freaky.

Now, at this point, everyone was leaning towards the idea of making like a tree and running so fast your pants would burn off. However, no one had a change of pants and this presented a problem. They could just run around in their underwear, could they? Well, technically speaking yes, but it would be very un-manly and would probably turn gay men straight.

"How do we stop it?!!" Marth wailed.

"Machine guns." Shulk offered, actually trying to be helpful.

Yes, some big ass guns would work perfectly! Well, that is, if they *had* any big ass guns. Come to think of it, why *didn't* they have big ass guns? And why was Douche so stupid? Does Naruto suck?

The authoress has three answers to each question. In order, of course.

I don't know.

I wish I knew.

And yes.

"But we don't have any machine guns," Robin pointed out, trying to prevent a mass break out of wailing from the 'less-hopeful' members of their camp.

"We have Douche." Roy remarked, grinning evilly when Douche quickly shrunk away. He fist bumped Shulk.

"We can't use him for everything!" Ike said, rolling his eyes, "Besides." The mercenary grinned. "We might need to use him for a battering ram."

"What are we gonna break into?" Pit asked slowly, not paying enough actual attention because he was too concerned about a certain jack-ass. Or whatever it was called. The authoress digresses.

"Hopefully we'll be breaking open." Shulk muttered under his breath, sending a side-ways glare to a hiding Douche, who looked extremely timid. Which frankly looked quite scary.

All of a sudden, they heard a purr. That's right, ladies and...is a guy even reading this? If so, you're fucking awesome random-guy! Go you! Anyways, the purr turned out to be the jack-ass--I mean, jack-rabbit/antelope or whatever the heck the thing is, the authoress digresses.

"ILK!" Marth exclaimed, running forward to meet the...jack-ass. HEY DON'T FUCKING BLAME ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!

"Marth, no! It's a psycho killer!" Pit yelled, ignoring the darker version of himself glaring at him for saying 'psycho killer'. You'll understand why in a moment.

"Wait...as in the guy who wrote Gangnam Style?"

"THE FUCK?!"

"I'm confused."

"I thought his name was PSY?"

"THAT'S A FUCKING NAME?!!"

"In that case, I'm changing my name to G.I. Joe."

"But we don't have bazookas."

"We'll order them on Amazon!"
"They sell bazookas?"

"No."

"DAMNNNN IT!"

Later...

"Alright. According to what I've learned, dark places are the safest when it comes to hiding from jack-asses." Shulk said confidently as they crouched behind a bunch of barrels.

Then, the unthinkable happened...

ILK SMACKED INTO THE WINDOW!! HIS BODY WAS ALL SMASHED AGAINST THE GLASS AND SHIT!!

"EVERYTHING I LEARNED WAS A LIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Later...

"Um, so how does this help us again?"

"Well, Marth, we stick flour on our heads so Ilk won't come near us."

Marth looked confused. "How does that work?"

"Everyone fucks, we all go home."

No one knew who said that, but whoever did was fucked up. In more ways than one, possibly.

"Who said that?" Pit whispered, unknowingly clutching onto Pittoo, who rolled his eyes and pretended it wasn't happening.

"Me." The deep voice said again.

"And who the fuck is you?" That was obviously Ike, because Marth began telling Ike about himself for swearing in front of a stranger.

"Ilk." The voice-now known as- WAIT HOLD THE FUCK UP. THIS AIN'T MARTHA SPEAKS! WHY CAN THE BUNNY FUCKING TALK?!

"How the fuck can you talk?!" Shulk exclaimed, moving into a defensive manner so the jack-ass couldn't assault him. Oh, and my thoughts exactly, Shulk.

"Because I'm a jack-ass." The animal sniffed pridefully as if this was something to be proud of.

"Got that right." Yup, that was Ike again. But seriously! The bunny can fucking speak?! The hell is wrong with this bunny?!!

Chapter End Notes

Omg, what shall happen next? WILL ILK FUCK EVERYONE?! OH NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ilk's Revenge (Part 2/Chapter 14)

Chapter Summary

ILK CAN TALK, STALK, AND DRAW WITH CHALK!

Okay, I lied about the last one. Sorry.

Ilk was currently flying from tree to tree.

THE HELL.

"Shoot him down."

An explosion rang out, deafening anyone who was near enough's ears.

Oh, not because of the *fire* explosion.

Because of the *fart* explosion.

Have you heard of radioactive poisoning? Well, if you own a microwave, yes you have, because microwaves are basically just mini-nukes. That don't go off. YOU HOPE. Oops, got off topic again. Well, instead of that type of poisoning, it was fart poisoning which is even worse.

Especially, if the fart is stinky enough to make a garbage can bite the dust.

Oh, and if you're wondering who farted, it was Ilk. He's got a habit of doing so, the sly little bastard. You see, the farts propel him into the air so he can fly, using the power of farts. Awesome, right?

For Ilk, yes. But not for those around him. Wooooo, I think the fart is spreading! Better put on your gas masks people, because that was one hell of a fart just now! It makes Wario's fart look miniscule and cute!

Don't get me wrong. Farts can't be cute.

"SOMEONE KILL HIM!"

"HE KEEPS...UGH!"

Alright, so after that mission was aborted, they decided it was time to sit down and play Pokemon. Well, their version, because they didn't know how to play the actual game.

Basically, they just took sticks and chucked them at each other.

What? I told you they had no idea how to play! It's such a difficult game to learn, Pokemon is. Oh, and don't get the authoress started on Yu-Gi-Oh! Damn, those cards are confusing!

I mean, you can't blame her. The authoress thinks the cards look like cheap Happy Meal shit. And yes, she just called Happy Meal stuff shit. It is! The toys break within 5 seconds of playing with them.

Oops, the authoress got carried away.

Anyway! Ilk decided the best way to get revenge was to fart really, really loudly in the middle of the circle the boys had made. It was the perfect plan! Well, aside from all of the stink it was.

"Guys..."

"What, Marth? Can't you see we're throwing sticks?"

"Ilk's above our heads. And his butt is pointed towards us."

"OH SWEET MOTHER OF HAM!!!!"

"MAKE LIKE A TREE!!!"

Once again, they all began running from the terror known as Ilk. Well, mostly Ilk's rear end, because that was certainly a terror. Seriously! If you were in public and some random person just stuck their ass in the air with no shame whatsoever, what would you do?

Make like a tree and leave, that's what.

And yes, that was an inside joke. You didn't get it? WELL FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU VERY VERY MUCH.

Sorry, the authoress is um...she just finished having the thing girls have every month, and she hates it, so she's still kind of pissed. Sorry!

We'll see you soon! The authoress is still calming down.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!